



## **ambrosia** by Val-Creative

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**Summary:** Nobody's ever cared this much. Or pacified Robin's fear of being seen as she really is. Taken away the shame of loving women.

## ambrosia

Wendy Perkins. Grade school, after the recess bell rang. Robin kissed her hand on a dare.

All of the other kids pretended to gag. Robin felt like gagging too — full of shame and *afraid* of how nice it was. To feel another girl's soft skin on her. And, Wendy — sweet, little Wendy from the church chorale — she never spoke to Robin again.

Tammy Thompson, auburn hair and honey-colored eyes, never noticed her. Not the way she noticed Steve Harrington. Robin tried borrowing pencils, and sharing the midterm project answers, and complimenting her teeth. Tammy's braces got removed during spring break. Tammy didn't talk to her like Robin was a *loser*, but she forgot her. Kinda like everyone else does.

And, oh god — *Steve* — the poor boy had no idea Robin was a lesbian. But unlike everyone else, Steve doesn't give a shit. He supports her. That's why Robin reconsiders moving out of Hawkins as soon as she graduates. She'll miss Steve.

Then again, it's too crazy here.

More of those Russian soldiers and even the CIA show up, battling each other. Robin splits up from Steve and Dustin and one of the other kids. Getting chased down.

She wasn't following all of what Eleven said — something about a horde of monsters? A gate in Russia? Her dad and sister being found by Eleven?

A van on fire swerves towards her down the wintry road, and Robin screams. A hand grips onto her coat suddenly, throwing Robin aside. A woman holds Robin's head down, observing on the van guardedly as it drives on at neck-breaking speed.

"They're gone," she murmurs.

Robin kneels up, staring silently as this young, gorgeous woman leans over. Mouth gaping open. Kali — Robin learns her name later — *Kali* checks her over, asking softly if she's okay, grasping under Robin's chin firmly and lifting her head up.

*Shitfuck*, that's hot.

"Your arm's on fire..." Robin whispers dreamily. A cold-flare of panic rises in her throat. "Holy shit, you're on fire!" she repeats, screeching, yanking away as Kali rips off her tattered, dark jacket and crochet sweater. She stomps it out into the fresh snow, and then laughs uneasily, pulling Robin to her feet.

Kali, Kali, *Kali* — her wide, soothing grin, her pragmatism.

The way she caresses her thumb and forefinger over Robin's lips, exploring, mapping unfounded territory. Daylight spills in, and Kali tells her to stay safe, brushing her mouth to the insides of Robin's fingers and her palm, climbing out the motel bed.

*Are you real?*

Nobody's ever cared this much. Or pacified Robin's fear of being seen as she really is. Taken away the shame of loving women.

*Are you?*

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*Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by sweeterthankarma (AO3): "Robin in a sweet, fluffy relationship with a female character." I love both of these characters very much and also together so it was fantastic to be given this prompt. Another opportunity to do some Kali. Thanks! And thanks for coming to read this!*

*((Want a request for Stranger Things? I'm doing 100-500 word drabbles of any friendship or romantic ship + any prompt until I feel like quitting.*

*Rules: you need to comment here and provide a friendship or romantic ship and prompt. Please do not ask for anything with Billy Hargrove. Thank you. The only requests I'll be looking at is if you ALSO commented about the fic you just read as well. It's only fair. You came to this fic to read it and me doing something for you later on is a sweet bonus!))*